THE LILY.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMAN.

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THE LILY:

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Editor and Proprietor.

Mrs. AMELIA BLOOMER,
Corresponding Editor.

[For the Lily.

Welcome to The Lily.

A thousand welcomes, gentle "Lily,"
To our fair and proud young State;
A thousand hearts look up to thee
With hope and faith elate.

I've sometimes spent a summer eve,
In youth's more happy hours,
By conning o'er that mystic lore—
"The language of the flowers"

But "Lily," never yet my eye hath met
A language so divine,
As truth's strong seal has gently set
Upon each leaf of thine.

I've read in tales of old romance,
Of fairies in each flower,
Who wielded on human destiny
A high and mighty power.

And I think that in the "Lily" dwells
A spirit from above,
Whose crown is Truth and Justice—
Whose magic wand is love.

God speed thee, little Lily,
May'st thou bloom on every soil,
Where kind impartial Nature
Rewards the hand of toil.

And success to THEE, dear lady,
Whose hand shall guide each line;
And may the God of Freedom,
Long prosper thee and thine.

Greensboro, Ind. EMI B. SWANK.

For the Lily.

Lines Upon the Death of a Friend.

BY MISS E. J. SMITH.

Brother, farewell, we leave thee now
To sleep thy dreamless sleep,
While guardian angels round thy head
Their watchful vigils keep.

Brother, farewell, no more shall we
Await thy coming feet,
No more thy welcome voice we hear,
Thy smile of friendship greet.

Brother, farewell, we know that thou
Art free from care and pain,
And yet 'tis hard to say farewell,
And know we ne'er shall meet again.

But hark! methinks from yonder sky
An angel voice I hear,
Which bids our mourning hearts rejoice,
And chides the falling tear.

Weep not for me, brothers and friends,
The happy spirit cries—
Some summer morn we'll meet again
In realms above the skies.

Lyndon, Cataraugus county.

DECISION OF CHARACTER.—The fact is, that in order to do any thing in this world worth doing, we must not stand shivering on the bank, and thinking of the cold and the danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can.—*Sydney Smith.*

From the Maine Temperance Journal.

Reformed by the Maine Law.

BY G. F.

"You are late this morning, Watson; what kept you so long? You know my business is very driving."

"I was quite unable to be here before, sir, and I had almost concluded to send my Billy down to tell you I could not come on account of a severe cold and headache; but actually I thought I would come to the store and work it off if I could."

"Well, you must be more punctual in future, or I shall employ another man to work for me. I had five orders from the country for liquors late last evening, to be sent by this morning's train; but as you was not here, I could not get them ready; so you may roll them out to send this afternoon, as I expect Stevens here in about an hour to haul them to the depot."

Watson was a young man, about thirty, with a pretty, affectionate wife and two children; Billy, a promising boy of six, and Ellen, a little blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked daughter just entering her third year. Only a twelvemonth before, had death invaded their happy home, and snatched their second child, Lucy, by his unrelenting agent, the croup.

The mother's heart still yearned for her departed; a shade of sorrow still rested on her fair brow, and her eyes once quite unused to tears, now frequently filled at the memory of her angel Lucy, or at the sight of the pretty toys and books which had so delighted the little one ere her departure to the spirit world.

The winter was severe, and the times hard, and the father toiling at his labor from morning till night, seldom thought of his lost one, but directed his attention to the welfare of those who were left, dependent on his labor for support and protection from the inclemency of the weather.

He was in the employ of Mr. Randall, as porter and jobber in his store. Mr. R. was an extensive wholesale dealer in wines and liquors; and was constantly supplying city retailers as well as country merchants with large quantities of the article. How many widows and fatherless children have been made by the streams of liquid death which issued from Mr. Randall's store—Eternity alone can reveal?

Watson had been in his present situation nearly a year, and had, until about the time at which our story commences, been esteemed a sober and industrious man. But after he was installed in Mr. Randall's establishment, he was frequently in the practice of tasting a little wine, and by constantly handling the bewitching beverage, had contracted quite a desire for stimulating drink, and as his employer did not prohibit, but sometimes invited him to take a glass after doing a heavy job, he thought it was certainly no harm, neither for a moment did he reflect that those slight indulgences would, if continued, be the means of plunging himself, and more than that, his lovely family into disgrace and ruin.

As a natural consequence, Watson had acquaintances among the liquor selling *gentry*, that class of sellers who lure the inexperienced and susceptible youth into their infernal dens by showy fixtures, glaring curtains and beautiful signs, with some curious device or sentimental name emblazoned thereon, as though it directed the observer to a place of real enjoyment and pleasure, unfollowed by pain. Alas, how deceitful! How fatal temptation which is so often and in so many ways presented to the eye! Verily they lead to the "chambers of death."

At such places as I have described, would Watson, after a hard day's work, meet with five or six others to sip a friendly glass, or in other words to have a kind of jollification.

When a man commences a career of dissipation he can hardly control his appetite, so that he almost invariably travels downward, until the inebriate's grave receives his bloated and enfeebled form. Hence, total abstinence is the only sure refuge from intemperance.

The evening before the conversation detailed in the opening of our story. Watson had met a few companions at a small drinking saloon, and having been induced to imbibe more freely than usual, it was with much difficulty that he reeled home at a late hour. His wife was anxiously waiting for him, and was only too glad when he returned to censure him for his long absence, or reprove him for drinking, as it was impossible for her to be ignorant of the fact that he was in liquor! Poor Mary Watson! How is thy happiness turned to gall! What wretchedness fills thy home, and what dispairing thoughts dis place thy bright hopes!

He awoke at a late hour in the morning with eyes swollen, head throbbing, and heart sinking, for he had slept off his intoxication, and felt ashamed to meet his wife who had been up two hours. It was well for his children that they were in bed before he came home; well that they were not aware of their father's degradation, else they would have been frightened at his changed appearance, and shunned the presence of him whom they loved, as only innocent children can love.—These were thoughts which rushed impetuously into his mind, and made him shrink with loathing as he viewed himself in the mirror of the inebriate.

He knew Mr. Randall would be impatient, so dressing himself hastily, he kissed Mary and the children, as if to make amends in part for his last night's carousal, and silently hurried to the store. It was the first time he had incurred Mr. Randall's displeasure, and the severe and earnest tone of his employer pierced him to the quick; but he could say nothing to the palliation of his offence, and feeling somewhat humbled, he made no reply except what has been repeated, but commenced rolling out a score or two of casks and barrels, and filling huge demijohns, and before the truckman arrived, the liquors were ready to be taken to the depot.

Watson could not bear the thought of being thrown out of employment, for how could he then purchase bread and fuel, and clothing for his dependent family? With this thought he inwardly resolved to be more careful in future, and curb the desire which had already become so dangerous to his welfare and peace.

About this time petitions were circulated, asking the Legislature for a law to suppress the liquor traffic. The "Sons" and the "Watchmen" agitated the subject vigorously. Large and enthusiastic meetings were held and arguments were presented, sufficient in themselves to convince any person of the evil of the traffic. Newspapers teemed with articles in favor of, and in opposition to the law, but the wholesalers thrust their hands into their well filled pockets, and laughed at what they believed to be a futile attempt of the "—— *ramrods.*" The retailers only plied the toddystick the faster, and with the tinkling sound drew around them their besotted customers by dozens and scores.

Of course it was not to be supposed that Mr. Randall, a wholesaler, a man of respectable standing in society, and withal a member of the city government, could be persuaded to relinquish a business so prolific of gain as the liquor selling. It was enough for him that his liquors yielded an immense profit, and what cared he for the consequences, as long as folks were "fools enough to get drunk?" "I am not my brother's keeper," is the exclamation of many a hypocrite, who wrapped up in this garb of irresponsibility, deals out ruin and destruction to his fellow men.

I will not attempt to detail the particulars of Watson's career in intemperance for six months, of his negligence and carelessness in the store, of Randall's anger, and his turning the "drunken rascal" into the street; nor will I portray the scene which happened that night in the family of the Watsons, when the father, in a state of maddening intoxication, staggered home to his now almost heart-broken wife and frightened children. Suffice it to say, that his descent was rapid, and the wretchedness of his family extreme.

It was a beautiful morning in June, 1851, that Watson might have been seen carelessly sauntering down ——— street, to get his morning dram, his bloated countenance and tattered garments indicating that he had already sank low in the grade of intemperance —and his uncertain, tottering step that he had "tarried long at the bowl" on the previous evening.

As he was thus moving along, a familiar voice hailed him from a by lane, with "Watson, old covey, how are ye this mornin'?"

"Oh, reg'lar as a tea party, but these cobwebs in my throat are mighty ticklish."

"Well 'ave you heard the news; I mean the news from 'Gusta?"

"No, what news?"

"Why, man, them blasted ramrods 'ave passed a law agin liquor, and the 'olesalers down in ——— street, are clearing out their stores and sending it to Boston, and the Mayor has gin out word that unless it is all cleared out in a fortnight, he'll take care of it himself."

"Well, I'll be soaked if that aint news to me; but never mind, I must have a drink, sartin. Come less go down to Butler's and get some brandy toddy, for I feel rather nervous after hearin' sich news as you tell me."

Watson proceeded down town, and found it just as his comrade had told him. The liquor sellers were in a great panic. Some cursed the law as unconstitutional, and defied the powers of the State, swearing to defend his property against seizure. The more discreet, who knew the law would be enforced at all hazards, immediately disposed of their stock of liquors, and quietly, though reluctantly, complied with its requisitions.

Unable to procure any liquor, about 12 o'clock, Watson turned towards home quite disappointed at not getting a "little something to clear out the cobwebs," and feeling a queer sensation at the stomach on account of not having his regular stimulus.

When he arrived home, he found that his wife had already been informed of the sudden revolution in the city, and her joy at the news, with his own sober and rational feelings, conduced to make him in pretty good humor with himself and family. In fact he felt inwardly gratified that he had returned sober to his family for the first time in many weeks, and he noticed with some pleasure, at least, the happiness of his wife while talking about the "glorious law," for women can appreciate the blessings of good laws when men complain and condemn them as tyrannical and unjust.

That day Watson did not drink any, and when he came home at night, he saw the smile of joy on his wife's countenance and his children springing to meet him—for their mother had told them the news, and said "she hoped father wouldn't drink any more"—he felt more and more pleased with himself, and thought that the law might be a good one after all.

When the news from Augusta first reached Mr. Randall, he stormed and raved wildly about the "ramrod Legislature," and said he would shoot the first man who would attempt to seize his liquors with a warrant; but when the time had expired in which the dealers were expected to clear their stores of the proscribed article, and the City Marshal, with three efficient members of his staff, appeared at Mr. Randall's store to take his liquors into custody, he did not object to their proceedings, nor hinder them from performing their duty, though he involuntarily clenched his fist, and ground his teeth with rage, and mentally repeated some awful words implying revenge, in which we may suppose the whole city government were involved.

As it happened however, he could not help it, and he vented his spleen in cursing the "Temperance men," who had been so instrumental in bringing his business to a close.—He locked up his store, and after a few minutes walk, he found himself in the store of Mr. Haskell, a corn and flour dealer. Mr. Haskell was not a member of any Temperance Society, yet as a rational and good citizen, he had long been opposed to the liquor traffic. He was, moreover, a friend to the law, and he had just been apprised of Mr. Randall's loss; he was in a pretty fair humor to converse with him on the incidents of the morning.

The merchants exchanged salutations, and shook hands, when the following colloquy ensued:

"How go the times with you, to-day, friend Randall?"

"The *times!* curse such times as these, I say, when a man cannot pursue an honest business without being harassed and hunted down by these miserable dogs of the *law.*"

"Ah, what has happened to put you in such ill humor?"

"Why my liquors have been taken and locked up in the market house, and the ramrods are almost tickled to death, blast 'em! that they have the privilege of smashing in the heads of my barrels, and turning my brandy into the streets. If it was only their own heads that get smashed, I shouldn't care a fig."

"Well, the law must be obeyed," said Haskell; "though I don't see as you are essentially damaged, as I presume you have money enough to set up again in any good business that offers."

"Yes, indeed, I can command eight thousand at any moment, but I should have to delve half a dozen years to clear as much as I have made in as many months at liquor selling."

"Aye, that may be true, but a clear conscience is some remuneration, and if you don't make quite as much money, perhaps you will find a profitable investment after all."

"Don't prate to me about conscience. It is very scarce, I should think, in this market, and it would take a good deal to make me feel rich!"

"Come, come, don't be angry, I meant no offence; but as you are out of business, I wish to make you a proposal. I want a partner in trade. Will you accept the chance? My business is first rate and constantly increasing."

Randall said nothing for several minutes. At length he looked up and said:

"Well, I am much obliged to you, friend Haskell, but as I feel somewhat out of sorts, I should like to think of it awhile. I will call to-morrow morning and let you know my decision."

The next morning Mr. Randall called on Mr. Haskell, and informed him that he had concluded to accept his offer, and was ready to put five thousand dollars into the business. The necessary arrangement was accordingly drawn up, and Mr. Randall was duly installed as Mr. Haskell's partner.

One morning about two months after the occurrence above named, Mr. Randall had been on the wharf to attend to a consignment of flour which had just arrived. Since his connection with Mr. Haskell, he had rented his store for a good price, and everything was going on swimmingly. Law had triumphed —Temperance and order had taken the place of drunkenness and brawling. The merchant had noticed this favorable change and had begun to be convinced of the utility of the law. As he was walking back to the store, he encountered at the end of the street a well dressed porter carrying a large bundle of goods, whom he immediately recognized as Watson.

"Ha, is that you, Watson? But how is this? Quite changed since I last saw you. Plenty of business, I presume."

"Yes, sir, plenty of work, and good wages. You know that since the law was passed, we poor men that used to get drunk can't get liquor, and the consequence is, we are steady—have work enough—our families in

good trim, and we feel better every way."

"Since I left off drinking I have earned seventy-five dollars, and have a good chance in a dry goods store. I was nearly ruined in drinking, and I see now how narrowly I was rescued from a drunkard's grave. I am proposed to join the "Sons," and expect to be initiated next Friday evening."

"Well, Watson, I wish you good luck; but I am in a hurry, so good morning."

"Good morning, sir."

The merchant had seen enough, and as he walked along he resolved to make a confession as soon as he got to the store.

"This Temperance law is doing a good thing, Haskell. I declare I am astonished at the change. I just met Watson, who was my porter last winter, and drank so badly I had to turn him off. He says he has not drank any since the law came into effect, has plenty of work, family all in good trim, and prospects good. It must be the Liquor Law, for I am satisfied that nothing else could have restrained *him* from drinking."

"Or you from selling?" jokingly interrupted Haskell.

"Aye, aye, you are right. I was greatly mistaken in supposiug my business was respectable or useful to society. You are correct, I must confess, in your remarks about the reward of an approving conscience. In fact, I have seen so much of the good effects of the Maine Law, that I believe I am quite a Temperance man."

The women of New York have again set about the work of petitioning for Legal Equality, and for the right of suffrage, as will be seen by the following Address and forms of petition, which were sent us by Mrs. Stanton, Chairman of the N. Y. Woman's Rights Convention. We hope our readers in that State will be ready to do the cause good service by circulating the petitions.

A. B.

To the Women of the State of New York.

We purpose again this winter to send petitions to our State Legislature; one asking for the JUST and EQUAL RIGHTS OF WOMAN, and one for WOMAN'S RIGHT OF SUFFRAGE.—The latter, we think, covers the whole ground, for we can never be said to have *just and equal rights* until the *right of suffrage* is ours. Some who will gladly sign the former may shrink from making this last demand. But be assured our cause can never rest on a safe, enduring basis until we get the right of suffrage. So long as we have no voice in the laws, we have no guarantee that privileges granted to us to-day by one body of men, may not be taken from us to-morrow by another.

All man's laws, his theology, his daily life go to prove the fixed idea in his mind, of the entire difference in the sexes, a difference so broad, that what would be considered cruel and unjust between man and man, is kind and just between man and woman. Having discarded the idea of the oneness of the sexes, how can man judge of the needs and wants of a being so wholly unlike himself? How can he make laws for his own benefit and woman's too at the same time? He cannot! He never has, as all his laws relative to woman most clearly show. But when man shall fully grasp the idea that woman is a being of like feelings, thoughts and passions with himself, he may be able to legislate for her,—as one code would answer for both. But until then, a sense of justice, a wise self-love, impels us to demand a voice in his councils.

To every intelligent, thinking woman we put the question, On what sound principles of jurisprudence, constitutional law, or human rights, are one-half of the people of this State disfranchised? If you answer as you must, that it is done in violation of all law, then we ask you, when and how is this great wrong to be righted? We say *now;* and petitioning is the first step in its accomplishment. We hope, therefore, that every woman in the State will sign her name to the Petitions. It is most humiliating to know that many educated women so stultify their consciences as to declare they have all the rights they want. Have you who make this declaration, ever read the barbarous laws in reference to woman, to mothers, to wives and daughters, which disgrace our Statute Books? Laws which are not surpassed in cruelty and injustice by any slaveholding code in the United States—laws which strike at the root of the glorious doctrine for which our fathers fought and bled and died, "no taxation without representation"—laws which deny a right most sacredly observed by many of the monarchies of Europe, "The right of trial by a jury of one's own Peers"—laws which trample on the holiest and most unselfish of all human affections, a mother's love for her child, and with ruthless cruelty snap asunder the tenderest ties,—laws which enable the father, be he a man or a minor, to tear the infant from the mother's arms, and send it if he choose to the Fegee Islands; yea, to will the guardianship of the *unborn* child to whomsoever he may please, whether to the Sultan of Turkey or the Imam of Muscat—laws by which our sons and daughters may be bound to service to cancel their father's debts of *honor*, in the meanest rum holes and brothels in the vast metropolis—laws which violate all that is most pure and sacred in the marriage relation by giving to the cruel, beastly drunkard the rights of a man, a husband, father,—laws which place the life-long earnings of the wife at the disposal of the husband, be his character what it may,—laws which leave us at the mercy of the rumseller and the drunkard, against whom we have no protection for our lives, our children or our homes,—laws by which we are made the watch-dogs to keep a million and a half of our sisters in the foulest bondage the sun ever shone upon,—which forbid us to give food and shelter to the panting fugitive from the land of slavery.

If, in view of laws like these, there be women in this State so lost to self-respect, to all that is virtuous, noble and true, as to refuse to raise their voices in protest against such degrading tyranny, we can only say of that system which has thus robbed womanhood of all its glory and greatness, what the immortal Channing did of Slavery. "If," said he, "it be true that the slaves are contented and happy—if there is a system that can blot out all love of freedom from the soul of man, destroy every trace of his Divinity, make him happy in a condition so low and benighted and hopeless, I ask for no stronger argument against such a slavery as ours." No! never believe it; woman falsifies herself and blasphemes her God, when in view of her present social, legal and political position, she declares she has all the rights she wants. If a few drops of Saxon blood gave our Frederic Douglass such a clear perception of his humanity, his inalienable rights, as to enable him, with the slaveholder's Bible, the slaveholder's constitution, a southern public sentiment and education all laid heavy on his shoulders, to stand upright and walk forth in search of freedom, with as much ease as did Sampson of old with the massive gates of the city, shall we, the daughters of our Hancocks and Adams, we in whose veins flow the blood of the Pilgrim Fathers, shall we never try the strength of these withes of law and gospel with which in our blindness we have been bound hand and foot? Yes, the time has come,

"The slumber is broken, the sleeper is risen,
The day of the Goth and the Vandal is o'er,
And old Earth feels the tread of Freedom once more."

Fail not, Women of the Empire State, to swell our Petitions. Let no religious scruples hold you back. Take no heed to man's interpretation of Paul's injunctions to women. To any thinking mind, there is no difficulty in explaining those passages of the Apostle as applicable to the times in which they were written, as having no reference whatever to the Women of the nineteenth Century.

"Honor the King," heroes of '76. Those leaden tea chests of Boston Harbor cry out "Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." When the men of 1854, with their Priests and Rabbis, shall rebuke the disobedience of their forefathers,—when they shall cease to set at defiance the British lion and the Apostle Paul in their national Policy, then it will be time enough for us to bow down to man's interpretation of law touching our social relations, and acknowledge that God gave us powers and rights, merely that we might show forth our faith in Him, by being helpless and dumb.

The writings of Paul like our State Constitutions, are susceptible of various interpretations. But when the human soul is roused with holy indignation against injustice and oppression, it stops not to translate human parchments, but follows out the law of its inner being, written by the finger of God in the first hour of its Creation.

Our Petitions will be sent to every county in the State, and we hope that they will find at least ten righteous Women to circulate them. But should there be any county so benighted, that a petition cannot be circulated throughout its length and breadth, giving every man and woman an opportunity to sign their names, then we pray, not that "God will send down fire and brimstone," upon it, but that the "Napoleons" of this movement, will flood it with Women's Rights Tracts and Missionaries.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON,
Ch'n N. Y. Women's Rights Con.

Seneca Falls, Dec. 11, 1854.

N. B.—All orders for forms of Petitions and Woman's Rights Tracts, and all communications relating to the movement in this State should be addressed to our General Agent, Susan B. Anthony, Rochester, N. Y. Let the Petitions be returned as soon as possible, to Lydia Mott, Albany, N. Y., as we wish to present them early in the session and thereby give our Legislature due time for the consideration of this important question.

PETITION FOR THE
JUST AND EQUAL RIGHTS OF WOMEN

The Legislature of the State of New York have, by the Acts of 1848 and 1849, testified the purpose of the people of this State their intention to place Married Women on an equality with Married Men in regard to the holding, conveying, and devising of real and personal property.

We, therefore, the undersigned Petitioners, inhabitants of the State of New York, male and female, having attained to the age of legal majority, believing that women, alike married and single, do still suffer under MANY AND GRIEVOUS LEGAL DISABILITIES, do earnestly request the Senate and Assembly of the State of New York, to appoint a Joint Committee of both houses, to revise the Statutes of New York, and to propose such amendments as will fully establish the LEGAL EQUALITY of Women and Men; and do hereby ask a hearing before such Committee by our accredited Representatives.

PETITION FOR

WOMAN'S RIGHT TO SUFFRAGE.

Whereas, according to the Declaration of our National Independence, Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, we earnestly request the Legislature of New York to propose to the people of the State such amendments of the Constitution of the State, as will secure to Females an equal right to the Elective Franchise with Males; and we do hereby request a hearing before the Legislature by our accredited representatives.

THE LILY.

RICHMOND, IND., JANUARY 1, 1855.

Salutatory.

Although a stranger to most of the patrons of the Lily, we are yet friends through the binding ties of common interests, common labors and common human ties.

The pages of The Lily have borne to us all, in its semi-monthly visits, tidings of the advance steps of our race—word of the gained and accessible points in the great moral action, as well as the kindly mingling of gentle and beautiful thought, the gush of feeling, and the soul-longing of awakening woman for more effective advantages, truer liberties and safer shields. Upon its liliaceous breath has come to our hearts word of the sufferings of those who trusted and were deceived by that enemy of home and love and hope—whose insidious coming seldom fails to prove in the ending that indeed "it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

So, too, have we listened to the cool, calm reasoning of those who feel in their own nature the dignity of a self-hood, an individual sovereignty—who feel that in their true place and power, neither above man nor below him, neither his ruler, nor yet his subject, but *with* him in life, in station, and power, will their interests be *best* subserved—knowing that He who gave to her, also, "dominion," is infinite in wisdom, and "doeth all things well."

And on every part of this Lily wreath has the artistic soul-touches of its originator, marking its outlines and blending its beauties, been visible. Her energy, her perseverance, her strength and nobility of character, have made it ever welcome to your homes. The *good* it has done is her great reward.

And though its style will change to that peculiar to its new conductor, the same truths will be contended for, with what ability we may command, and the same rights and immunities claimed.

Then, when experience shall have added some skill and readiness to our hand, with your aid and co-operation we hope to so advocate the interests of woman, that our journal will fully do its part in hastening the day that they will be received by the enlightened world as truths too sacred and noble to be treated with indifference, and too important not to become its calm, settled sentiments and active policy.

Believing that the interests of home and the protection of its holiness are among those that most nearly concern the true woman, as well as the true man, and that to these objects do all important actions finally tend, as the guerdon of the highest hopes and aspirations, we feel to work earnestly for their advocacy; and as is our faith in the turning of the needle to the pole, so is our strong faith in the final turning of the human heart to Truth and Justice. Will you aid us?

MARY B. BIRDSALL.

An Incident.

On Christmas eve, as we were returning from R—— to our cottage home, a distance of one mile and a half, a very sad sight met our gaze, upon the Central Railway, which brought up many thoughts upon the temptations of uncoy youth, and the impossibility, under the present state of things, of keeping our homes pure and sacred. A pale, thin woman, was supporting a boy, apparently not over thirteen years old, who was so badly intoxicated as to need her assistance to proceed. As we passed her, her arms were thrown around the reeling body, as if to shield him from further harm, and her sad and fearful look told that suspicion and dread dwelt in her heart, that *all* were enemies of her peace and her home's purity. Perhaps she had never heard of the language of a certain political apologist for the liquor-seller, that "you must be careful not to over-ride natural and inherent rights, and the sacredness of the domicil," and if she had, most likely in the simplicity of her heart's truest wishes, would have applied it to her own home and loved ones, and not considered it *only* to be applied to grog-shops and liquor-venders. She could have recognized in no person the "natural right" to sell or give her son liquor, and you would have reasoned in vain with her to prove that it would have been invading the "sacredness" of any one's "domicil" to enter such vile dens, destroy the poison, and arraign the offenders for their crime.

It will do that woman but little good to exclaim to her, "Oh, the steadfastness of woman's love!" "Oh, the irresistible moral power of woman's influence."

She probably *has* been a faithful wife and a most circumspect mother; she has been told to train up her children in all purity—that she should be "the trainer of their habits, the educator of their minds, and is therefore responsible for their future actions. And yet she sees that the moment they pass beyond her sight, they are liable to be drawn into the pitfalls of ruin, which are sustained by law, on every side. Woman's consent has never been given to this state of affairs, and she should never submit to it.

Men style themselves woman's natural protectors, and if they will not change their practices and policy, and interpose to shield her and hers from the destroyer's power, then let her step forth in the majesty of her own feelings, determined henceforth that her own legitimate power shall be her guard, and the protector of her children.

What have her tears and prayers availed? If she would save her child from death in a *flaming house* she would not sit down with pinioned hands and grieve, but would dare danger, publicity and death itself. So, if she would save him from the ignominious grave of the drunkard, she must resort to more active, decided and effective measures than hitherto, and stop short of nothing less than the entire prohibition of the liquor traffic.

Sources of Happiness.

Our whole world teems with incitants of joy. In the beginning when the Holy Creative Power rested from his work, he surveyed the wonderful glories of his handiwork and pronounced them "good;" then the morning stars sang together and the incense of silent praise, or the vocal outpourings of joy's thankfulness, have ever since been heard throughout the earth by those whose ears are not too full of vain perishing things to note the mystic melody; and to those whose eyes are not too much veiled with that dimness that causes us to see through the "glass darkly," beauty is unfolded in all things wherewith we are blessed.

Do we gaze upward? By day the glorious and matchless sun guilds the earth with his great power; by night the hundreds of stars keep their evening vigils and call our better, more quiet and *self-examining* thoughts to that which is higher and far more purifying to our spirits. Anon, amid their admirable serenity comes the way-faring comet with his blazing stream of light, dashing forward as though some pressing business hurried him to the outskirts of creation. Very like the busy physician looks the comet to our vision hurrying away from amid the quiet beating pulses no one knowing whither save those expecting. The very breath seems hurried, while he speeds, and we must wonder whether or not *inhabitants* call his nucleus "home," and race with him his trackless path. Strange mystery! But joy glides into our hearts side by side with awe—when we remember there *is* a Hand that guides thee, turns thee to thy course, and marks thee for thy mission, in the economy of his creation. Joy too, it is to think that in the human mind is placed the power to compute thy coming and thy going, and trace thy wandering through immensity.

But not alone, *above* the earth are sources of our joy. *Upon* our globe, *life* in multitudinous stages give happiness. Through every department of nature, joy flowing merely from *existence* we may see. In our physical organization we have senses with answering concomitants, food pleasant to the apetite; fragrance for the organs of smell; beautiful objects for the eye; melodies for the ear; niceties for the touch; all of which prove the design of happiness, says Dr. Paley, because nourishment might have been given for the body, &c., without the property or sensation of pleasure.

Correspondingly, but more remarkable, are our intellectual and spiritual pleasures.—Loves and hopes, sympathies, pursuits and meditations have their answering objects *in spirit*, and are as various as are the individuals. Joy is of indigenous growth in the heart. Sorrow cannot, or even long, bow it; it rises upward towards heaven as the center of its great gratification. Hope is the songbird of our being, and is the perpetual warbler of joy. Faith, the evergreen upon which her wing sporteth to the haven of *all* joy, *all* happiness. M. B. B.

Editorial Correspondence.

London, O., Dec. 22d, 1854.

The past two weeks have been unusually busy ones to me, and little time have I had to think of the Lily readers, and much less to write for them. What with tearing up and packing up, and getting out a paper, my head has been too much distracted with care and my hands too much occupied with other labor to think of the pen, or the duty I owe to my friends. The delay in printing a part of the issue of The Lily for Dec. 15—caused by the interference of another paper which had prior claims to the press—was a great annoyance, as well as inconvenience to me.—But we finally succeeded in getting them all off two days since; and now 'Uncle Sam's' mail carriers are bearing to my distant readers the unexpected, and perhaps to some, unwelcome intelligence that she who has for so long a time guided and watched over the interests of The Lily, has taken it into her head to resign that interest to other hands; and after a play spell of a few months, to settle down as a simple housekeeper among the bluffs of the far off Missouri, on the borders of Nebraska.

On Saturday evening last we attended for the last time the meeting of 'Star of Hope Lodge,' and took a fare well leave of the brothers and sisters with whom we have had frequent and pleasant intercourse during the past year. The lodge room was crowded as usual, and the interest seemed unabated.—Indeed a new impetus seems to have been given it and it is having large weekly additions. It may be a long time before we meet with so interesting a lodge again, but I trust that a year hence Council Bluffs will have taken a step towards building up the Order in western Iowa, by having a lodge instituted in that city.

On Monday evening last I lectured, by invitation, at the Congregational Church in Mt. Vernon. Subject, Female Education. The house was well filled and much interest manifested in the subject. This meeting was designed as a benefit to the poor of the city, and a collection was accordingly taken up after the lecture for that purpose—the Daughters of Temperance to be the almoners. I did not learn the full amount received, but trust it was sufficient to make glad many hearts during the severe cold weather of this winter.

Having closed up my business in Mt. Vernon, we yesterday bade adieu to that city, after a residence of a year and five days. Although we have made the acquaintance of many pleasant good people there, some of whom we parted from with real regret, yet our stay among them has been so brief that the ties formed were not as dear, or as hard to sever, as was the breaking up of associations, and severing of kindred ties in our old home. Never having considered ourselves permanently settled there, we have felt like strangers making a brief sojourn in a strange land among a strange people—ever looking forward to the time of our departure, and placing our affections upon nothing with that strength and depth of feeling which would cause a quiver of the heart strings to sunder.

Nothing of any importance occurred on our journey hither. The cars were up to time and met with no accidents. There was some three hours tedious waiting at the depot at Columbus for the train to start for Cincinnati, but as it was after dark and very cold I preferred waiting there to calling on friends in the city and run the risk of being left. I whiled away the time as best I could, watching the people coming and going, and listening to the varied topics of conversation carried on around me. My attention was chiefly occupied in watching the movements of a woman with a babe, apparently not over six weeks old. Poor little thing, how I pitied it! When it should have been quietly asleep in bed, there it was, at nine in the evening, wide awake moaning and crying piteously; and the mother, though she looked worried and worn out with its fretting, seemed not to know how to still it and hush it to slumber.—Instead of making it comfortable in one position and then keeping it quiet, it was tossed and shook about and its eyes turned up to the bright gas light, in the vain hope of quieting its restlessness by such means. The mother concluded it must be sick, and she accordingly dosed it with one thing and another—hoping by loading the stomach with medicines to afford that relief which sleep and quiet alone could give.

My experience in baby-tending is so slight that I may not be capable of judging correctly in such matters; yet I could but feel that were I in the baby's place I should not like to be shook and tossed about and have nauseous stuff poured down my throat and a glaring brilliant light placed full in my eyes' when exhausted nature was asserting her claim for rest and sleep. Poor baby! I wondered not that it cried, for I am sure that under like circumstances I should have resisted as strongly as it did this intermeddling with my rights.

What a pity that physiology is not made a more prominent study in the education of girls! A knowledge of the laws of health and of the physiology of their own being, is certainly of far greater importance to them as mothers, than knowing how to finger the keys of a piano and to read foreign languages. Yet the former is overlooked and disregarded, while the latter is considered almost indispensable. The natural consequence is that when they become mothers, both they and their offspring must suffer the penalty of their ignorance and folly.

The cars were ready to start at last, and I lost sight of the woman and her baby. She did not take the same car with us, and glad was I that she did not. It was a relief to get beyond sound of the wailing of the one, and out of sight of the sad and careworn face of the other.

I learned while at Columbus that the proprietors of the *State Journal* were about introducing young women into their office as type setters. This was gratifying intelligence, as there are so many of our sex who need employment, and who will gladly avail themselves of such opportunities. The pleasure afforded me by this information was a little marred, by the assertion of my informant that the object of the Journal in employing women was to get the work done at a cheaper rate than men would work for. I trust, however, that they will fail in this.—When the young women have mastered the business they will not be likely to work at greatly reduced prices.

Dec. 25. This is Christmas day—though judging from demonstrations made in this place, one ignorant of the fact would take it for the fourth of July. I was awakened this morning by the firing of guns, the popping of fire-crackers, the beating of drums and the shouting and swearing of a troop of boys, who formed a procession before day had fairly broke, and marched up and down the streets with their discordant music. It is unlike any Christmas day I have ever known. Having been taught to regard the day as one set apart for the commemoration of the birth of a Savior, and accustomed to observe it as a day of religious worship, as well as for the social gathering and re-union of friends around a cheerful, well filled board, I was little prepared for the noisy ushering in of this holy day by fire-arms, fire-crackers, drums and shouting, and to me all this seemed very inappropriate. Those differently educated look upon it as a day for amusement merely.

and too often turn it into one of drunkenness and rioting—giving no thought to the circumstance which occasioned its commemoration, or the object of its observance.

I lectured, by request, in the Court room of this village, on Saturday evening, on Woman's Rights; and last evening, (Sunday,) at the Methodist Church, on Temperance. I was denied the church for the first lecture, but it was freely granted for the second.—Temperance is regarded by the over pious ones as a subject so much more sacred than that of Human Rights, that while they feared the house would be desecrated by the discussion of the latter, they had no scruples about my occupying the pulpit for the discussion of the former. The attendance was large on both evenings, and—barring a few boys and babies, who seemed not to appreciate my remarks, but preferred taking a part in the exercises themselves—the former with their feet and a whispered accompaniment, and the latter by setting up a chorus as if to show that their lungs were more powerful than mine—the closest attention was given during the hour and a half that I kept them together.

We are spending a few days with friends in this place, Shall be in Richmond within a few days for a short time, and then I go to Cincinnati to fulfil an engagement to lecture for the 'Young Men's Temperance League.'

With a 'Merry Christmas' and a 'Happy New Year' to the readers of The Lily, and an earnest hope that The Lily may be prospered, and its editor encouraged in her undertaking by kind words and an abundance of 'material aid,' I bid all, for the present, adieu.

A. B.

To Correspondents.—Those who have heretofore contributed from their wealth of mind, experience and observation to the Lily's columns, are most cordially and earnestly invited to continue their generous aid in making this journal substantial and practical in character, and a true chronicler of the needs and gains of women. We hope to keep well posted as to any vantage ground of Temperance, and of this in other States will our friends promptly write. And from the hundreds whose strong sympathy is with our movement, we hope to hear fresh voices pleading for the right.

☞ It is indeed a truth, that as year succeeds years, each one seems shorter than the last. During childhood's summer days, the weeks stretch a long length before us. The mind has many impulses, a great variety of active thought and amusements. In after years the channel widens—more intense pursuits claim our care and condense our time.

☞ We send this number of The Lily to some who are not subscribers, hoping should they be pleased with it or the principles it advocates, that they will consider themselves personally requested to act as agents.

A Smile.

Whence is thy magic, pleasant visitor?—What are thy strange powers? Thou art the silent necromancer that calls into the sad heart the gushing happiness—that drives away the gloom of sadness and despondency.

Who has no smiles for her fellow-beings? She who has no love in her heart—that wraps around herself the chilling cloak of affected aristocracy—that puts up a screen between her heart and her sister who likes not to think *all* are happy.

How often has joy flowed in our heart from the simple and unaffected smile, even though it might not have been directed to us, but we were gladdened because we felt that there was heart-love all around us, even as an atmosphere, and affection could but grow wherever love, as dew, had freshened the feelings and leavened them with its kind.

Heart Work.—We are not sent into this world to do any thing into which we cannot put our hearts. We have certain work to do for our bread, and that is to be done strenuously; other work to do for our delight, and that is to be done heartily. Neither is to be done by halves and shifts, but with a will; and what is not worth the effort is not to be done at all.

☞ Messrs. Low, of Edinburgh, have sold 25,000 copies of Mrs. Stowe's "Sunny Memoirs," notwithstanding that there have been eight rival editions in the British market. The American issue of the work consisted of 30,000 copies.

☞ After this number, The Lily will be printed with the same bourgeoise type hitherto used for it. The transportation of materials has caused some delay and present embarrassment, which will be speedily removed.

☞ Dr. Harriet R. Hunt, of Boston, Mass., recently paid her city taxes under another written protest, which, it is said, exhibits a marked ability, and an earnestness that challenges attention.

☞ There are said to be a thousand American families residing in Paris. They are among the wealthiest and most extravagant people of that gay capital.

☞ The Red Lodge, Park Row, Bristol, has been purchased by Lady Byron, the widow of the poet, and by her placed at the disposal of Miss Carpenter, for the purpose of the Reformatory Schools established by that lady.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Written for The Lily.

Mrs. Bloomer;—In looking over the Lily I discovered in the 21st No. an article making public the complaints of 'the Old Bachelor,' and we thank you for having liberally offered to leave your columns open for reply.

We are aware that we are not enjoying all the rights we should, in a land of liberty and equal rights. We are aware that our sex is too apt to be led away by foolish and nonsensical fashions. We are aware also that a bad fashion is very frequently adopted much quicker than one suited in every way for convenience and comfort. But complaints of of this kind coming from an 'Old Bachelor' we are not so highly in favor of, for several reasons. Young gentlemen and bachelors are nearly or quite as bad as the ladies, as far as running after the fashions is concerned.—And now I will venture to say, that if all foolish and superfluous articles of dress were laid aside and a comfortable and convenient costume adopted, there would be *three times* as many old bachelors as at present. The very reason why the 'Bloomer Costume,' or something similar to it, is not brought into general use, is, because the male portion of community is, most generally, so proud and dressy that they oppose every thing in the way of dress that does not exactly suit their fastidius notions. Oh! when will men take it upon themselves to reform and to preach reformation to one another. We hope time is not far distant when our rights will be respected more than they have been heretofore. We think we can discover something to this effect in the 'signs of the times.' Men are now beginning submerge from the sombre shades of the darkness in which they have been so long enveloped—ignorace concerning the true sphere and proper rights of woman.

We hope the time may speedily come when intemperance, swearing, tobacco chewing, cigar smoking, and all the vices to which men are subject, may be speedily abandoned. We hope that the blighting curse of slavery may speedily be swept from our land and the poor and down-trodden African be permitted to fill that sphere in life which God designed he should. We hope for all this, and with all our energy we intend to live up to what we preach.

The Old Maid.

Summerfield, O.

For the Lily.

I. O. of G. T.

Cleveland, Dec. 9, 1854.

Editor Lily—Another Lodge of the I. O. G. T. was organized in this city, (on the west side,) on the 24th ult., denominated Freedom Lodge. The following are the officers for the current term:

J. A. Spencer, W. C. T.
H. M. Spencer, W. V. T.
Wm. M. Clark, W. S.
Mary A. Partridge, W. T.
Harriet Holt, W. I. G.
John F. King, W. D. G.
Henrietta Partridge, R. H. S.
Adalaide Anderson, L. H. S.
Charles Eldred, W. M.
Emeline E. Fenn, W. C.
Peter Holt, P. W. C. T.

The causes which led to the formation of this Lodge, are those which agitate more or less our whole social and political fabric. The members of this Lodge were all, with one or two exceptions, connected with Cuyahogo Lodge, a notice of which was given in your columns some months ago. They were forced to withdraw from it on account of the rejection of a colored woman, simply for her color—her character and intelligence being both conceded to be unimpeachable. This woman is Mrs. Lucie S. Day, wife of William H. Day, late editor of the "Alienated American," and known as a prominent orator and speaker, not only on anti-slavery, but also on temperance. She is a graduate of Oberlin, a classmate of Lucy Stone, and has a host of white friends and acquaintances. The facts are these: Mr. Day and Mrs. Day were both proposed in due form. It was well understood that they would be proposed, but not until after the propositions had been regularly entered and referred, and after the close of the meeting, was there the slightest hint given that any person was opposed to their admission. On the contrary, it was supposed

that our Lodge consisted of those who were reformers in every sense of the word, and that they desired to shield "all classes" from the evils of intoxication. But at the next meeting a minority report was presented to the meeting, objecting not to the *character* of either of the candidates, but alone to the *color* of the persons proprosed, who happen to have one shade African blood. The matter was broadly argued. Every point of even expediency was nicely overturned, for it was clearly shown that Mr. and Mrs. Day's influence among even white citizens of our community, at least among those likely to favor the Good Templars, was greater than that of most any person in the Lodge. On balloting, Mr. Day was barely elected a member, but Mrs. D. was *just* rejected, the Lodge (or rather a minority) thus making a perfect piece of inconsistency of the whole matter. Whether this was a concerted matter, I know not, but why Mrs. Day should be rejected for her *color*, and Mr. Day admitted, is more than can well be explained. A number of the members then formally withdrew from the Lodge, entering their protest against this act of injustice and illiberality. After an interim of a few weeks, we have finally succeeded in getting ourselves incorporated into another Lodge, with "Freedom" for its title. We bear no malice towards the other Lodge, nor do we say that Good Templars generally ought to take sides in this matter;* but we do say that it is impossible for reformers to avoid meeting this prejudice at every turn they take. It must be met boldly, and those who shall struggle against it now while it is strongest, will deserve the respect of all sincere persons who believe that "God created of one blood all the nations of the earth."

We have received all the numbers of the "Lily" regularly, save No. 21, which somehow or other has not come to hand. We trust it may be prospered, and that its influence may be exerted for Temperance and Humanity for many a long year to come.

Yours, in F. H. C.,
J. A. SPENCER.

Mrs. A. Bloomer.

*There is nothing in the constitution of the Good Templars to debar colored persons from becoming members of the Order. Each Lodge has the right to regulate that matter for itself.

A colored man and his wife were admitted as charter members of Lily Lodge in this State, which we instituted last spring. Had we been connected with Cuyahoga Lodge, we should certainly have been in favor of admitting Mr. and Mrs. Day. The Lodge, however, had the privilege of doing as they thought proper, and they decided otherwise.

Our friend wonders why Mr. Day should be admitted and his wife rejected. There is nothing very strange in that to us, for is not the man everywhere regarded as a little superior to the woman?

We are glad to know that a Lodge has been organized in which prejudice against respectable and intelligent colored people has no place, and we hope it may be largely prospered. A. B.

I. O. of G. T.

Star of Hope Lodge, in the city of Mt. Vernon, Ohio, on Saturday evening, December 16th, 1854, unanimously adopted the following resolutions:

Whereas, Brother and Sister Bloomer, of this Temple, have been actively and zealously engaged as advocates of the cause of Temperance during their residence in Mt. Vernon, and, *Whereas*, by their zeal and untiring efforts in this Reform this Order of Good Templars is in a large degree indebted for its origin and its present prosperous condition in our State. Therefore

Resolved, That this Lodge, (being the first organized in Ohio under the auspices of Brother and Sister Bloomer,) does hereby tender to our sister and brother, who are now about to depart from this place, our most sincere and heartfelt thanks for the many kind offices they have rendered to this Order and to the cause of Temperance, during their brief abode in our State.

Resolved, That wherever fortune may fix the destiny of our sister and brother in the unknown future, we will follow them with our prayers and sympathies and ever cherish in our memories the many pleasing associations connected with their efforts as co-laborers in the temperance reform; and especially do we accord to them the highest praise for their zeal in the promotion of the interests of this Temple.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the Republican, Western Home Visitor, and Lily.

M. C. FURLONG, W. C. T.
A. N. Stoughton, W. S.

For the Lily.

Richmond.

It may be asked by some readers of the Lily where Richmond is, and what are its prominent characteristics. It is situated on the banks of the east fork of Whitewater, in the eastern part of Wayne, the banner county in the State. It is five miles from the Ohio line, 64 miles northwest of Cincinnati, and 68 east of Indianapolis. It was first settled in 1816, and the proprietors were John Smith and Jeremiah Cox. In 1833, Richmond contained 236 families and a population of about 740; in 1840 2,070; at this time it has near 5,000—is possessed of many natural advantages, together with an enterprising and intelligent people.

There are in and near the city, twelve flouring mills, two paper mills, several woolen factories, three oil mills, a peg factory, a number of foundrys, two extensive agricultural tool manufactories, and an extensive cutlery establishment, together with a host of other establishments, where every branch of mechanical industry is successfully carried on.

It has connection by railroad with all the prominent points of our country. There is in successful operation one from Cincinnati, Dayton, Indianapolis and Chicago, and others quite desirable will soon be completed.

For educational advantages it stands unsurpassed in the Western country. It has from the good common school, up to the college with its learned professors.

In its immediate vicinity are Green Mount Boarding School, Friends' Boarding School, Whitewater College, with many other schools, all well sustained and under care of competent managers and teachers.

Our country is thickly settled with an enteprising and industrious farming community, who are rapidly developing the hitherto latent riches of the earth, and adding knowledge to riches, as the just inheritance of their increasing toil—which, together with being the most healthy country in the West, makes just the place for man to live to a good old age, and then look back upon a life well spent, and have the full belief that he has not lived in vain. B.

For The Lily.

Richmond, Dec. 1854.

Dear Mary—It gave me much pleasure to learn that our beautiful little ever-blooming Lily was about to be transplanted to our own fertile soil of the Great Hoosier State. Yes, my heart responded, this is the very clime for it, and under your genial culture, with the many genial influences it will have around it, can but grow and flourish. And may it long continue to do so; for wherever it may go, into whatever household it may enter, it can but carry an invigorating and purifying influence with it. Its columns have ever been most interesting to me, and now I am sure they will be doubly so, since we have it here right amongst us, and are so well acquainted with its presiding genius. I feel, and many others no doubt in this vicinity, that we most gladly welcome The Lily to our young city, and trust that the friends whence it may rather seem to be removing, will in some measure be compensated for the removal by the opportunity they will thus have of hearing of some of our western doings; for really we have grown to be a busy, bustling people in these western woods, as indeed this very city was not many years ago. This seems incredible as we look at the thronged depot, and watch the crowded trains of cars that almost hourly arrive.

Helene.

Otsego, Mich., Dec. 18, 1854.

Mrs. Bloomer:

Allow me to present for your publication, that which has transpired in the village of Otsego, in regard to breaking up liquor dens by the ladies of this place. The circumstances are as follows:

One W——, a husband and father, had been in the habit of receding from his dignity so far, as to visit these dens of iniquity and returning home in a state of intoxication to his otherwise happy family. Their tears, prayers and entreaties were disregarded. She finally resolved to visit the groggeries and ask those men in kindness, to desist from selling him this liquid fire. They would promise to do so, but still they persisted in their course. Finding her entreaties in this respect availed her nothing, she resorted to other means. One evening she went to the grocery with the intention of destroying their liquor; but her husband being present prevented her by pulling her away before she succeeded in her design.—A few days after that Mrs. W—— called upon Mrs. S——, her neighbor, afflicted in the same manner, and consulted her on the subject. They resolved to communicate with some of their female friends, and go that evening and destroy all the liquor they could find. They did so, breaking in the heads of two barrels of liquor. They then proceeded to break decanters, bottles, and every thing within their reach that contained intoxicating drink, amid the cheers of the surrounding multitude. The evening following the ladies of the place met at the Chapel and pledged themselves to support Mrs. W—— and Mrs. S—— in breaking up every liquor den in the village. They resolved to try argument once more, and go in a body to these liquor dealers and ask them to sign an agreement that they would sell no more. They then adjourned till 8 o'clock next morning, when they marched, pledge in hand, to every liquor establishin the place. The door of the first place they went to was closed against them; they soon, however, forced an entrance and obtained a hearing. This man signed the pledge and so did the others; but the ladies fear their work is not done, for it is reported that liquor has been sold since, but they are determined to finish the work they have commenced. But if anything happens of importance you will hear from us. H. H.

For the Lily.

Mind! thou thing of might! That builds't a temple
For thyself, and on its altar lights the fire
That brighter still shall glow, as onward
Marches eternity. Unwearied ever,
Sighing not for rest that sleep can give;
Purer the light and warmer still the glow,
Then back to dust the altar, where 'twas lit,
Hast crumbled. Incomprehensible, yet
Thyself comprehending—thyself unknown,
Yet knowing much, and greater still shall be
Thy knowledge, till Deity alone shall
Pass thee!

Finite thy power, yet from infinity
It sprang, and that alone shall know it weak.
Free, save in the bondage of the flesh,
Which bindeth but awhile; Man to enslave
Must mar the templed shrine wherein it dwells,
Ere he can rivet chains to bind it to his will.

Floral Hill, Mich. MRS. E. P. P. B.

For the Lily.

To the Moon.

BY W. E. PABOR.

Cold moon! pale moon!
Why art thou looking at me so?
Peering my latticed casement through,
With your big eyes upon my page,
So solemn and *so* like a sage.

Cold moon! pale moon!
Hast something thou would'st tell to me?
I'm listing. Hast thou o'er some sea
Been witness of a scene of blood,
Some deed as base as it was rude?

Cold moon! pale moon!
Hast chosen me to be thy scribe?
And wilt thou spare thy silver gibe,
And mock me not of her, I vow
To pen what thou would'st have me do!

Cold moon! pale moon!
Some like thee, but I like thee not!
Thy silver shafts create a blot
Where'er they pass, and on my brain
Reveal a phasma giving pain.

Cold moon! pale moon!
Dost hear me? Thou a brother hast!
The gorgeous SUN, who notes you waste
In fiery chariot! Love I him
Far more than thou, *so cold*, so prim!

Cold moon! pale moon!
I've never loved, nor love thee now;
Too lifeless and too cold art thou!
Throw off thy silver sullenness,
And warm me into happiness.

Harlem, Mass.

From the Waverly Magazine.

The Reformed.

"Man, proud man,
Dressed in a little brief authority,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep."—SHAKSPEARE.

DECEMBER had shrouded the earth in a white vesture of purity, and decked each lofty tree and lowly shrub with a tiara of diamonds. 'Tis evening: the wind wails dismally through the forest trees, as if mourning the loss of each leafy bower of summer time; the queen of night has veiled her face behind a cloud of ebon darkness, and each tiny star seems to have gone out, so dark and drear is earth-land.

From yonder hill-side cot there gleams a single taper to cheer the weary traveler on to rest, or guide the wanderer home. 'Tis a sad home, this lonely dwelling, far from other homes, and dreary enough looks its broken windows and dilapidated doors, thro' which the fierce night wind blows harshly, and coldly, too, upon the half-clad inmates of that wretched room that they call home; but what a home! devoid of every necessary comfort that makes home dear and loved.

A female, past the spring of life, lies upon a miserable bed of straw, sleeping a last sleep ere she sleeps forever in the rest of death; beside her kneels her little daughter, five years of age, and very beautiful; the dark ringlets are carelessly brushed back from the pale brow that speaks of consumption; mark that flushed cheek, that sunken, but too brilliant eye, and the attenuated form. Ah! these tell us the destroying angel has hovered near that cottage, and breathed upon the fair flower blooming there, till it will fade, and like its parent stem, wither and die.

But now the mother wakens, and list to that low voice, sadder than the last note of the breaking harp string as she murmurs—

"Has he not come yet? O, how cold I am! Ella, hark! 'tis his footstep—no, 'tis but the wind. Oh, I shall never see him more! 'Tis even now past midnight, and now the storm beats through the broken roof! Ella, dear, is it you beside me? Let me take your hand, for 'tis growing dark; I cannot see you now. O! Ella, I am dying! and who shall care for you when I am gone? If I could but see him once more, I could die in peace."

"Mother—dying! what is it to die? you won't leave me, will you, dear mother, *all alone* till father comes? dear mother, don't go away"—and the child sobbed violently, and kissed again and again the cold cheek and lips of that parent who was all of life to her; but they returned not the fond caress of her darling; no! they never would again.

At that moment a heavy unsteady tread was heard advancing; the door opened, and the inebriate had returned. A white-winged spirit flitted past him as he entered, and the bride he once vowed to love and cherish, had gone back to her Father's mansion; yes, even home to God! A seraph, with another, has been bending o'er that lowly couch; and as they turn to wing their way to heaven, they drop a silent tear, and bid adieu to this sin-stained earth! but soon they will come again, and bring that mother with them, to conduct her darling Ella to her heavenly home.

When the father had entered and loudly closed the door, he threw himself upon the floor, and his loud breathing soon proclaimed him asleep. Little Ella, content that her mother had not gone from her presence, after trying in vain to get a kiss from those cold motionless lips, thought she had gone to sleep, and she carefully crept down to her mother's side, and still clasping one icy hand in hers, she, too, was still sleeping.

* * * * * *

The morning sun was shining brightly; for all trace of the midnight storm had passed away, as the father awoke and raised himself from his hard bed; he was himself now, not a demon, for the effects of alcohol had departed; he called his wife by name, but she answered not; she would never speak to him again! his Maria was dead!

O, how bitterly he reproached himself for all his cruelty to that gentle, and once beautiful being; but repentance came too late to bring her back to life; too late to save his little Ella from a premature grave; but we trust not too late to re-unite them all in heaven; and as he clasped in his arms his last earthly treasure, his beautiful but frail daughter, he vowed that he would never touch again the poisoned cup. The recording angel registered that vow within the mighty archives of Paradise, and faithfully was it performed.

* * * * * *

Four months have rolled away, and the first spring flowers the blooming in the lonely church-yard where they laid the broken-hearted mother, the drunkard's bride. And now they have hollowed another grave close beside hers, and a little form is being slowly and solemnly lowered to its last bed.

The father stands beside it, with clasped hands and eyes raised heavenwards, as he slowly murmurs, "Thy will not mine be done." Then the angel harpers in heaven tuned anew their golden lyres, and bowing low, sang praises before the throne of the Eternal; for little Ella had come home to her mother, and her father was reformed!

"Weep not for her, there is no cause for woe;
But rather nerve the spirit that it walk
Unshrinking o'er the thorny paths below,
And from earth's low definement keep them back;
So when a few severing years have flown,
She'll meet thee at heaven's gate, and lead thee on,
Weep not for her."

LYDIA JANE FROST.

From the Prohibitionist.

A New Pledge.

The following pledge was drawn up in Auburn at the time of the State Convention, and signed by the few gentlemen there who happened to be together in the same apartment. This brief and comprehensive pledge has not yet been submitted for the approval of the State Society, but probably will be at the next annual meeting:

PLEDGE.

We will not use intoxicating liquor as a beverage; we will not give it to others, nor traffic in it, to be so used; and we will earnestly endeavor to procure the suppression of such traffic by law.

WINTER SPORTS.—"You'll catch your death," cries the good lady, who hovers over a hot stove in a close room, to her boy, who wants to dash into the snow-drifts, or fill his lungs with fresh air, and set his cheeks glowing, and his eyes sparkling, by an hour's glorious skating.

Madame, let him go. Ten persons catch their deaths by staying in hot, close rooms, where one is hurt by exposure to the cold.—Live as much out of doors as you can; and have pure air in the house.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.—Letters containing money for The Lily, have been received from the following persons since December 1st:

Almira Gregory; D. W. Harwood; L. E. B. Bristol: Francis Barry; Mrs. M. M. Williams; Mrs. E. C. Shanks, Clarissa G. Olds; Mrs. Joseph Nash; L. E. Beal: Mary T. Barker; Geo. Davis; C. H. Robertson; L. D. Lewis; Caroline Morse; C. P. Stoddard; E. A. P. Webster; R. D. Woodley; F. S. Mott; Charlotte Farnham; W. H. Wells; H. J. Small, 2; Lydia R. Whitcomb; Jane C. Ford; Emeline Bardeen; Jane J. Hopkins; Michael Danford; Wm. Malloy; E. D. Wilch; C; O. Armstrong; B. P. Barker; Sarah J. Burgar; Sedate Wright; Sarah Darlington; Mary D. Seley; Margaret A. Newton; Harmony A. Jolls; John Lundy.

D. C. BLOOMER,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
AND LAND AGENT,
Council Bluffs, Iowa.

WILL promptly attend to all legal business entrusted to him in Western Iowa and Nebraska Territory. He will also give particular attention to the purchase and sale of lands for farming purposes; and also of town lots in Council Bluffs, and other places in Iowa; and in Omaha City, Winter Quarters, Belleview, and other towns in Nebraska Territory: the investigation of land titles, the payment of taxes for non-residents, the investment of money in real estate, and all business connected with the Land Office in the district. Information in relation to the country will be at all times freely communicated to persons addressing him on the subject, by letter or otherwise.

REFERENCES:
C. Voorhees & Co., Council Bluffs, Iowa;
S. T. Carey, " " "
James Peck & Co., Chicago, Illinois;
Dr. C. D. Williams, Cleveland, Ohio;
Henry Haigh, Detroit, Michigan:
Hosmer Curtis, Mount Vernon, Ohio;
Hon. W. A. Sackett, Seneca Falls, N. Y.;
Downs & Co., " " "
Hon. J. K. Richardson, Waterloo, "
N. J. Milliken, Canandaigua, "
Hon. W. H. Seward, Auburn, "
F. Chamberlain, Albany, "
Alfred Conkling & Co., New York City.

Office on Pacific street, a few doors south of the Pacific House, and near the Land Office.

Mr. B. will be in Council Bluffs early in April, and prepared to attend to all business that may be entrusted to him.

January 1, 1855. 1-tf